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WIND FLOWERS

BY

Mrs. J. Luella Dowd Smith

AUTHOR OF

WAYSIDE LEAVES

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By LUELLA D. SMITH

TO MY

MOTHER,

WHO HAS FOUND HER REST
AMID THE FADELESS FLOWERS OF HEAVEN,
I DEDICATE THIS HANDFUL
OF THE RUE ANEMONE, FRAIL BLOSSOMS,
THAT OPENED TO THE WINDS
OF EARTH.

CONTENTS

JANUARY—

The Mother's Prayer 11
Edelweiss. Translated from Nanette Stengel . . 13
The Broken Home 14
Home 15
Arius 16
The Fakir 17
The Call 19
"My Times are in Thy Hand" 22
A Voice from Heaven. Translated from Luise Hensel 24

FEBRUARY—

The Rebel's Death. Translated from C. H. Schnauffer 29
The Guitar Song of the Herdsman. Translated from Nanette Stengel 31
In the Grass. Translated from Justinius Kerner . 33
Refuge. Translated from Nikolaus Lenau . . . 34
The Dower of Love. Translated from Ferdinand Freiligrath 35
The Home Coming. Translated from Agnes Kayser-Langerhannss 37
Thine is the Blessing Without Measure. Translated from Wilhelm Duncker 38
Disturb it Not. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . 40
On the Water. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . 42
Morning Wandering. Translated from Emanuel Geibel 44
The Beautiful Days are Gone. Translated from Otto Roquette 46
Silver and Gold 47
Love-Song. Translated from Otto Roquette . . . 49
Golden-Wedding Greetings 50

MARCH—

March 53
Blessed Outcome. Translated from Julius Sturm . 54
Along the Way 55
General Gordon, 1885 57
Love and Die. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . . 59
My Angel Care for Thee. Translated from Wilhelm Hertz 60
Learned Late. After the German of Karl E. Ebert . 61

APRIL—

April 65
Easter Morning. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . 66
The Miracle of Spring 69
The Warning 71
Against the Sky 73
The Sunny Land. In Memory of Jennie Boardman . 74
The Mourners. Translated from Hoffman von Fallensleben 76

MAY—

May 79
Fungus 80
The Voice of the Wind 82
The Meaning of the Spring 84
A Wreath for Memory 85
Now is the Time of the Bloom and the Gold. Translated from Otto Roquette 87
Dost Thou Know? Translated from Otto Roquette . 88
Resurrection. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . 90
A Fragment. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . . 91
From theWood. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . 92
Glad Tidings. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . . 95
By-Gones. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . . . 96
Life's May. Translated from Emanuel Geibel . . 98
Decoration Day 99
Youth 101

JUNE—

June 105
The Song of the Knoll 106
Half-Way 108
The Trio 109
Greeting Song 110
The White Veil 113
The Rosebud of the Heather. Translated from Goethe 116

JULY—

To My Friend 121
The Serenade. Translated from Uhland 122
The Water-Lilies 123
Sowing 126
The Humming-Bird 127
Gain With Loss 128
The Evening Calls to Rest. Translated from Friedrich Gull 129

AUGUST—

The Heart's Treasures 133
One Step 134
Sister Emma's Birthday 136
In the Morning 137
In the Evening 138
The Sea 139
The Infinite 141
Stranded 143
The Last Wish 144

SEPTEMBER—

September 149
My Lost Ideal 150
The Larger Gift 151
Across the Years 152
Love Ditty 153
Earthward and Heavenward 154
In Tenebris 155
Nirvana. Translated from E. A. Gieseler 156
The "Still, Small Voice" 158
A Glimpse 159
Be True to the Dreams of Thy Youth 160
"I Will Give You Rest" 161

OCTOBER—

October 165
The Year is Old 166
My Mother's Birthday 167
Gained 171
Missed 171

NOVEMBER—

November 175
The Autumn Heart. Translated from Emanuel Geibel 176
How Fair is the Rhine. Translated from C. H. Schnauffer 178
The Way of Thorn 180
Sorrows 182
Right and Left 183
The Love of God 184
Autumn Lessons 186
So Quickly Falls the Night 187
The First Snow. Translated from Moritz Hartmann . 189
The Evil Genii 190
The Good Genii 198
My Castle 205

DECEMBER—
To My Brother 209
Near and Far 210
"Your House is Left Unto You Desolate" 212
Visum Retrorsum 213
The Beautiful Past 215
"There Fell a Great Star from Heaven" 216
Flitting 218
A Corde Ad Cor 220
A Birthday Thought 223
Christmas Eve 224
A Prayer 226
The Old Year 228
The Berkshire Hills 230
My Year 233
Between Two Years 234

JANUARY

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER

"Holy virgin, Vesta sweet,
See me kneeling at thy feet;
Holy goddess, meek and mild,
Come in love to kiss my child!

Kiss his lips that, lisping sweet,
Precious words they may repeat:
Saved from cruelty and guile,
Won to heaven by thy smile.

Kiss his eyes, that never night
Fall upon their spirit-sight:
Saved from darkling, fruitless quest,
Won by thee to peace and rest.

Kiss his forehead, broad and fair,
Give him wealth of learning rare:
Saved from ignorance and dread,
Won to wisdom's ways instead.

Kiss his hands and make him great
In the deeds that consecrate:
Saved from earthly works that fall,
Won to build his castle tall.

Kiss his feet that they may climb
Up the hills of God sublime:
Saved from wandering astray,
Won to keep the upward way.

Vesta, goddess, hear my prayer,
Take my child in loving care."
Thus a mother, bending low,
Prayed to Vesta, long ago.

Then the goddess kissed him sweet,
Till his heart had ceased to beat:
Saved him from a world of nights,
Led him to the Heavenly heights.

But the mother wept with woe
For her prayer of long ago,
Heeding not that answer given
Made her darling sure of Heaven.

EDELWEISS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF NANETTE STENGEL

UPON the Switzer's mountain,
Bedecked with snow and ice,
There blooms a little floweret,
One calls it Edelweiss.

It blooms, concealed in shadows,
A blossom soft and weak,
With dewy pearls it glistens—
The wan, white flower we seek.

If thou wouldst find the floweret,
Of toil be not afraid,
Fear not the steeps of highlands,
Where bridge was never laid.

And hast thou gladly found it?
Then gather it with care,
'Twill nod for thee as friendly
Adown the valley there.

Thus, as this noble floweret
Will tenderly be won,
So is it with thy true love,
Sweet blossom of the sun.

The flower will never wither,
Thou pluckest from the ice;
And thus it is thy true love
Is like the Edelweiss.

THE BROKEN HOME

BROKEN home, and no return!
Earthly home too frail to last!
Now no more thy hearth-fires burn:
All thy story now is past.

Lonely hearts and hands are weak,
Years have dimmed the aged eyes,
Earthly home no more they seek,
But the mansions of the skies.

HOME

WITHOUT, the storms are beating fast
And clouds obscure the day,
Within, is shelter from the blast,
And tears are wiped away.

The dove without, in storm and dark,
Upon the waters cast,
Turns for her safety to the ark
And finds her home at last.

Return, O weary child of earth,
Where light and rest are given;
He calls thee back who sent thee forth,
Thine only home is Heaven.

MAY our eyes so dim with tears
Have a glimpse of Heavenly peace!
May the sorrows of our years
In eternal morning cease!

May our living here be sweet,
Filled with kindly deed and true,
Till in higher life we meet,
There to live and love anew!

ARIUS

Long years he lives alone, apart,
But keeps God's worship in his heart;
No more on churchly books enrolled,
He joins the sheep of other fold.

The years go by. The church at last
Regrets the action of her past.
From Constantine the call is heard,
"Return, with us to praise the Lord."

At last! At last! Communion then
May bring him rest and peace again.
The crowds collect to welcome him
Within the cloistered silence dim.

Too late! A higher call he heard—
He takes communion with his Lord.
He who was banished and alone
Has found a welcome by the Throne.

THE FAKIR

In the ashes lowly bent,
He is praying, penitent,
    Through the years.
Only through the grated door,
Checkering the marble floor,
    Light appears.

Sweeps the ground the matted hair,
And the face is worn with care,
    Waiting long.
From afar there presses round,
Crowding near the hallowed ground,
    India's throng.

They revere this holy man,
Who, withstanding nature's plan,
    Suffers ill.
Patient through the days of heat,
Looking on the dusty street,
    Waiting still!

Upward holds his weary palm,
As who says a prayer or psalm,
Heaven to win!
Will his nights of weary pain,
Will his loss of earthly gain,
Shrive his sin?

'T was a vow of penance made
When his soul was sore afraid,
In the past.
God above, who understands,
See these weak, uplifted hands
Droop at last!

Nearer Thee, perchance, this day
Are these seekers far away,
Groping still,
Than who live in lands of light,
Swerving from the path of right,
Doing ill.

THE CALL

"Come up higher,
My desire,
Come up higher!"
Oh, I cannot! Hells invade.
All my heart is sore afraid.
Tongues of flame have hedged me in,
Where I feel the doom of sin.

"Be not afraid,
I give thee aid,
Be not afraid."
Hell itself has given way,
I behold the gleam of day,
I am lifted from that place,
Angel hands have brought me grace.

"Come up higher,
My desire,
Come up higher!"
Oh, I cannot! I have sold
All my life for yellow gold;
Poison of earth's sordid breath
Has condemned my soul to death.

"If thou wouldst fain
Unloose thy chain,
Death's self is slain."
Bindings of the earth are past,
I can upward soar at last.
Souls from lower aims are free,
Who have heard and trusted thee.

"Come up higher,
My desire,
Come up higher!"
Oh, I cannot! Varying breeze
Sweeps me to the utmost seas.
Ocean has his hosts arrayed,
All my mind is sore afraid.

"Be not afraid,
I give thee aid,
Be not afraid."
Calm of Christ is on the sea—
Voice of Christ, "Come unto me."
I have turned from wreck and wrack
To the sunbeam's brighter track.

"Come up higher,
My desire,
Come up higher!"
Oh, I cannot! In the air
I have met the foes that scare;
Hand of Jove I dare not clasp,
Holding lightnings in its grasp.

"Come unto me,
I died for thee—
Come unto me."
Now the rainbow's light appears,
Arching o'er the vale of tears.
Powers of sin are downward hurled,
He who called, has saved his world.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND"

"This day shall be for Rest," I cried;
"Sweet Rest from dawn till eventide,"
But carping Care was by my side.

"I have my Work to do to-day—
My earnest Work shall live for aye."
Ah, me! a giant hedged my way.

"This day belongs to Joy," I said,
"By sweetest pleasures am I led."
Before the sunset, Joy was dead.

"This day belongs to Hope," said I;
"I read the future through her eye."
Alas! that Hope should droop and die!

"This day is Friendship's—true and tried,
My friends with me for aye abide."
Ah! some have changed, and some have died.

"This day is given to Love, my own;
My heart will never more be lone."
Love to the summer-land is flown.

"This day I dedicate to Grief:
In tears my woes shall find relief."
The sunshine flitted fair and brief.

Another day to Heaven I gave,
In thoughts that went beyond death's wave.
Yet life seemed bounded by a grave.

At last I chose a day for God:
Flowers bloomed above the graveyard sod
And Comfort came where Grief had trod.

Ah, days so full of light and shade!
I cannot hinder, cannot aid.
Your cycles God alone hath made.

Ah, checkered life! God knoweth best;
All come and go at His behest,
And they who trust His love are blest.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF LUISE HENSEL

O, do not weep! I am not dead by dying.
A blessed, endless life has dawned for me.
Be comforted, my dear one, cease thy crying,
Thou wouldst rejoice couldst thou my glory see.

Here dwelleth peace; here shines eternal light;
No more the darkness falls, no more the night.
O, do not weep!

O, do not weep! Why should I longer tarry
In darksome land where death and sin affright?
A nobler prize in this blest home I carry;
My palm is green. I wear the robes of light.
Why should thy tears bedew the graveyard sod?
Mine eyes behold with joy the face of God.
O, do not weep!

O, do not weep! See how the years are fleeting.
Soon will thy angel bring thee also o'er.
Among the blessed will I give thee greeting,
Forever mine, where death can part no more.
Then raise thy tearful eyes from graveyard sod;
O, dearest! trustful, lift thine eyes to God,
And do not weep!

FEBRUARY

THE REBEL'S DEATH

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF C. H. SCHNAUFFER

In deep, dark shadow lying,
Where dense the forests were,
A weary man was dying
In grove of solemn fir.

He wandered there to languish,
Far from the battle's din,
Alone to bear his anguish
While darkness closed him in.

He lifts his eyes in token
Of hope of Heavenly Day—
His earthly life is broken,
His life-blood ebbs away.

The wound is large and deadly,
The wound is deep and wide,
The stream of life pours redly
From out his wounded side.

One hand above is resting,
The other on his breast!
In tender mosses nestling,—
The warrior is at rest.

No bell for him is tolling,
So early passed away;
But woodbirds' notes are rolling
His funeral songs to-day.

No cross for him is showing,
But fir trees stand around,
And by his sword is growing
Young ivy from the ground.

No laurels wave above him,
But roses, where he fell,
Wild roses droop to love him,
What wouldst thou more, rebel?

THE GUITAR SONG OF THE HERDSMAN

Translated from the German of Nanette Stengel

Around the herdsman's cottage
Night resteth deep and still;
I 've gathered home my cattle
And safely housed from ill.

I am so lonely always,
No voice is toned for me;
And what is sad or joyful,
I trust, guitar, to thee.

In thy dear tones of music
My pain of spirit dies,
And from thy strings' vibrations
I see sweet peace arise.

And when the shining moonlight
On Alpine highlands gleams,
And at my feet lies quiet
The whole, round world of dreams,

I sing of love and feasting,
And praise my native land,
And evermore to guard it
I pray a strong right hand.

Far from my Alpine cottage
Resounds my music fine;
My song has roused the echoes,
The whole, round world is mine.

IN THE GRASS

Translated from the German
of Justinus Kerner

When one is resting on the grass
  Where fragrant flowers are growing,
Where happy birds above him pass
  And airs of heaven are blowing,

Ah, truly, then it cannot seem
  That he must soon be lying
Shut deep away from song and gleam
  In darkness 'midst the dying.

He only thinks upon the skies,
  The birds that fly to heaven—
Thinks God so gracious is and wise
  This also will be given.

REFUGE

Translated from the German
of Nikolaus Lenau

Stricken deer in woodland hying,
Wounded by the arrow, flying,
Seek the place amid the rushes
Where the crystal river gushes.
It will save thy heart from breaking,
Calm its terrors, cure its aching.

Man, when struck by sorrow's dart,
Seek the kindest hand's caressing,
Seek the purest fount of blessing:
Flee unto the mother-heart.
Soon the wearied mothers sleep.
Sleeps thy mother without waking,
While thy stricken heart is breaking,
Fly unto the woods and weep.

THE DOWER OF LOVE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

Oh, love so long as thou canst love;
  Oh, love with true affection deep!
The hour draws near—the hour draws near
  When thou must stand by grave and weep.

Take care, while love's sweet bliss is thine,
  To cherish it and guard it well,
As long as yet another heart
  The words of love can hear or tell.

And when one opes his soul to thee,
  Oh, heal for him his sorrow's smart,
Make every hour to him a joy,
  And bring no sadness to his heart.

Guard well thy tongue, that speaks so fast;
  Oh, do not say that bitter word!
God knows it was not badly meant—
  It broke the loving heart that heard.

Oh, love so long as thou canst love;
Oh, love with true affection deep!
The hour draws near—the hour draws near
When thou must stand by grave and weep.

Then wilt thou lowly kneel by grave,
Upon the long, damp graveyard grass,
And hide thy troubled, tear-filled eyes—
Thine eyes that cannot see him pass.

Then wilt thou say, "Look down on me,
Whose eyes for grief have wept their fill,
Forgive that I have troubled thee,
God knows I did not mean it ill."

But then he hears and heeds thee not,
Comes not with comfort for thy woe;
The lips that kissed thee cannot say,
"Love, I forgave thee long ago."

Ay, he forgave thee long ago,
Yet many a bitter tear he shed
For thee and for thy bitter word.
He weeps no more—among the dead.

Oh, love so long as thou canst love:
Oh, love with true affection deep!
The hour draws near—the hour draws near
When thou wilt stand by grave and weep.

THE HOME COMING

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF AGNES KAYSER-LANGERHANNSS

I CAME from weary journey
Again to my home-door;
Yet found I at my coming
But graves alone, before.

Then felt I that the stranger
So homeless cannot be
As he who is forgotten
Anear his own hearth-tree.

THINE IS THE BLESSING WITHOUT MEASURE

Translated from the German of Wilhelm Duncker

Oh, if thou hast a happy home,
  Wherein thy weary heart may rest,
If there a soul is all thine own,
  To care for thee and love thee best;

And if the grief which frets thy heart
  Another heart may also reach;
And if the love which fills thy heart
  Another heart may also teach:

How is thy blessing without stint!
  How rich art thou beyond compare!
Yea, all the good the world can give
  Is dross beside thy golden share.

If this fair blessing is thine own,
  Protect it as of Heaven's own grace,
Within thy heart this love enthrone
  And give to her the only place.

For, were the goods of all the earth
  Thine own, and were thy true love lost,
How poor wert thou with all thy gold,
  How small thy realm at such a cost!

Full many a life has longed for love,
  That half a world has held of treasure:
Oh, know, thrice honored, happy heart,
  Thine is the blessing without measure!

DISTURB IT NOT

Translated from the German
of Emanuel Geibel

Where yet a heart glows bright with love,
Extinguish not its hopeful beam;
It were not well that sacred fire
Should lose the glory of its gleam.

If e'er within earth's circling orb
There is a place like Heaven above,
It is where trusting human hearts
First feel the holy joys of love.

Envy them not this dream of spring,
Before the blossoms feel the frost;
You do not know what Paradise
With this fair dream of love is lost.

For oft the strong man's heart has quailed
When one has snatched away his fair;
And oft the gentle soul has failed
When hope has yielded to despair.

And some cry loudly in their need,
Whose hearts, for love's sweet sake, have bled;
They leaned upon a broken reed:
Alas! the God in them is dead.

Remorseful tears but fall in vain;
In vain you weep and make ado.
The withered rose blooms not again;
The dead of heart wake not anew.

ON THE WATER

Translated from the German
of Emanuel Geibel

Now will the mount and valley bloom anew:
The winds are rustling all the treetops through,
The day's loud tones grow faint in evening red:
I would be joyful, but my heart is dead.

My friends row fast and strong before the night,
Their furrows sparkle in the starry light;
The zither sweetly sounds where boats are led:
I would be joyful, but my heart is dead.

The moon comes up: with added mirth and zest
The joyful songs outpour from every breast.
Along the shore the castle-lights grow red:
I would be joyful, but my heart is dead.

And should my love arise from out her grave,
And give me all the vows which once she
gave,
And say again the loving words she said:
In vain! for past is past and dead is dead.

MORNING WANDERING

Translated from the German
of Emanuel Geibel

Who will the peace of nature share,
  Must go where dawn is winging,
When woods are still as priests of prayer,
  Their fragrant censers flinging:
Morning zephyrs are not stirred,
In the branches sleeps the bird,
  But lightly the brooklet is singing.

The quiet world is as a book,
  Its pages for our healing,
With many linings as we look,
  That tell us of God's dealing.
Wood and blossom, near and far,
And the holy morning-star,
  Are tokens—His love revealing.

Devotion draws us as a sigh,
A gleam of Heaven before us;
While love comes knocking by-and-by,
And wields his scepter o'er us.
Knocks and knocks, the heart to reach.
Lips must overflow with speech,
With joyful, jubilant chorus.

Now, happily, the nightingale
His early anthem raises,
His song resounds in mount and vale,
Afar the sunshine blazes.
Morning red and rays of light
In the chorus clear unite—
"Let us to God sing praises."

THE BEAUTIFUL DAYS ARE GONE

Translated from the German
of Otto Roquette

Happy days forever fleeting:
Passed as swift as butterflies!
Then my life was in thy greeting,
All for thee were smiles and sighs.
Then we, quiet, loved to linger
Under blooming jasmine tree,
While we saw the sunbeam's finger
Gild with gold the shore and sea.

Now those days are passed forever,
Now those glowing flames are dead.
And the sun that set will never
Bring again the brightness fled.
Only memory, swiftly flying,
Shows the picture of the past,
Only echoes, faint and dying,
Answer vale and hill at last.

SILVER AND GOLD

Sparkles bright
In wintry light!
Frosty stars in all the air!
Jeweled branches gleaming fair!
Shining rays of moon and star!
Silvery radiance from afar!
Argentum aurumque
Silver and gold!

Silver sheen
By moonlight seen!
Ripples gleaming on the sea!
Fairest flowers that bloom for thee!
Pearls and lilies pure and white,
Shining as the silver bright!
Argentum aurumque
Silver and gold!

Golden spray
With colors gay!
Diamond flashes white and red!
Fireflies glittering instead!
Fire that burns with ruddy breath,
Making holocaust of death!
Argentum aurumque
Silver and gold!

Hearts of fire
That still aspire!
Souls of truth as silver fair,
Honor bright and beauty rare!
Golden treasure that survives
All the turmoil of our lives!
Virtus animusque
Cor, mens, bonitasque
Argentum aurumque
Silver and gold!

LOVE-SONG

Translated from the German
of Otto Roquette

Thou dear one, wilt thou send thy glances
Within my eyes' most sacred deep,
To see where, in their roving fancies
The pearl of love may sleep?

Thou dear one, further send thy beaming,
Within the clear depths loving press,
And smile at thine own image gleaming,
The fairest pearl mine eyes confess.

GOLDEN-WEDDING GREETINGS

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. H. ROYS

SEE through all the smiles and tears
Of these fifty vanished years,
High above the long day's march,
Sign of promise—rainbow arch.
May the sunshine brightly gleam
On the calmer, widening stream;
Peace and rest and joy abide,
Blessings crown the eventide!
God's sweet blessings manifold
Gild the sunset hills with gold.

MARCH

MARCH

WAYWARD snowflakes yet are falling,
Driven on the frosty air;
But the mountain nymphs are calling,
And the gods are everywhere:

Gods that break the winter's ruling,
All the gates of ice unbar,
Loose the rivers from their schooling
In the mountain-caves afar.

Now we hear the rootlets stirring,
In their dwellings under ground,
While the wind, with wild demurring,
Breaks the winter's rest profound.

Now the springtime resurrection
Leads them forth to light of day:
They are under God's protection,
And they cannot go astray.

Winter's leaves will shield them, growing
Near the edge of winter's snow,
Till the brighter suns with glowing,
All the springtime warmth bestow.

New creations kindly given,
Fair as human lives begun,
As the souls strayed out of Heaven
To return at set of sun!

BLESSED OUTCOME

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.

For highest joy no songs are given,
The deepest sorrow finds no voice,
They show themselves in teardrops driven
From eyes that weep though they rejoice.

The highest joy, the deepest grieving
In quiet tears alike are shown,
The grace of God for their retrieving
Ordains them both for love alone.

ALONG THE WAY

FILL up the ranks! We march along
With mirth and jest and merry song.
The sky above is clear and blue,
At night the stars are shining through;
By day we gather flowers and smile:
And thus we journey mile on mile.
But when the clouds and tempests come,
Within their shadows we are dumb.
One fell away from by my side,
My lovely one, my hope, my bride;
We could not pause us in the strife,
Though one had yielded up her life.
The death-march played along the way,
And all my hopes were dead that day.
Fill up the ranks! We march along:
My heart is lonely in the throng.
When falls the rain above my head,
I think it weeps my dear one dead:
When falls the snow in wintry light,
I think my darling's grave is white.
When flowers of springtime blossom best,
I think they bloom above her rest.

It may be in God's garden bright,
His flowers transplanted bloom in light;
Perhaps where Heavenly fields are white,
They blossom through the starry night.
If not—if not—we cannot sing;
There is no longer hope in spring,
Yet Duty standeth by our side,
In shine and shade, a trusty guide.
Fill up the ranks! We march along:
The work remains—but not the song.

1885

GENERAL GORDON

One man there was, whose eye of light
Could see upon the mountain-height
The narrow way of right.
His brow was clear, his purpose strong
To conquer every form of wrong
His path of life along.

His heart was full of loving thought,
As for his "truant kings" he wrought,
And set himself at naught.
He found his way hedged in at last,
The prestige of his victories past,
The door of hope shut fast.

The rolling river bore away
The killed and wounded of the fray
Where traitors won the day.
The sands of fair Khartoum were red
Where those devoted thousands bled
For whom the chief is dead.

It was the irony of fate:
His nation understood too late—
The foe was in the gate.
At home, afar from battles grim
The funeral marches play for him,
And England's eyes are dim.

Her "hero-soul" has found his rest,
No more by others' wrongs oppressed,
His faithful work confessed;
His weary earth-life over-past,
Where skies no more are over-cast,
He reaps his good at last.

The mind to plan, the heart to feel,
The life enstamped with God's own seal
Are blessed beyond earth's weal.
Around his brow there lingers yet
The light by all the nations set—
Love's sacred coronet.

LOVE AND DIE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.

THROUGH earth and Heaven brightly
There came a being lightly
  As gentlest harper's sigh,
To each the knowledge giving,
The wherefore of its living,
  The way that it must die.

She speaks to eagle—"Hurry
Unto the sun; till flurry
  Of storm shall strike thy way."
She says to rain, "Keep pouring
Till meadows bless thy roaring.
  And then dissolve in day."

She says to swan with urging—
"Swim through the flood's wild surging,
Thy death-song in the sky!"
She speaks to pink—"Come hither,
In fragrance bloom—and wither;"
  To woman—"Love and die."

MY ANGEL CARE FOR THEE

"Daz Inwer mîn Engel Walte!"

Ancient Greeting
From the German of Wilhelm Hertz

Is this thy farewell greeting
  Thou loved one of my heart!
All of my pleasure fleeting
  Goes with thee as we part,
When thou art gone; in sadness
  Grief only bides with me.
Yet go, Beloved, in gladness!
  My Angel care for thee!

My angel once was given
  To guard my joy and rest.
When thou, my joy, art riven,
  I never more am blest.
When thou art gone, my sadness
  Will set my angel free.
Go on, Beloved, in gladness!
  My angel care for thee!

He must not tell thee, leaving,
I walk a troubled way;
And with my sorrow grieving
Mourn for thee night and day.
With smiles I give thee greeting
And hide the starting tear.
Farewell, until our meeting!
My angel guard thee, Dear!

LEARNED LATE

After the German of Karl E. Ebert

I dreamed I lay in the church-yard
Within my grave so deep;
Yet human thought and feeling
Were with me in that sleep.

I heard the gentle footstep
Above my place of rest,
I heard the voice of mourning
Of her I loved the best.

"In vain is all my weeping—
Would I might die," she said,
"Or wake thee from thy sleeping
Among the silent dead."

"I would that I might wake thee
To tell thee all my heart
And drive away the doubtings
That kept our souls apart."

She sobbed for me in sorrow,
It broke the spell of sleep,
My dream of love is vanished,
I only wake to weep.

Too late we count our treasures,
By graves our vigils keep,
The dead win life and loving,
The living wake to weep.

APRIL

APRIL

Melting snowflakes of the morning
Weep themselves in tears away,
Grassy lawns with fresh adorning
Make the landscape fair to-day.

In the glen the flowers are peeping,
Liverleaf with eyes of blue,
Wakened from its winter sleeping
To begin its life anew.

In the woods all heavy freighted
With the sweetest breath of spring,
Comes the blossom all have waited,
Fairest bloom the poets sing.

Trailing clusters sweetly gifted,
Waxen bloom with petals white,
Modestly to Heaven uplifted,
Blushing in the April light.

Down the skies the birds are drifting—
  Glimpses bright of blue and red,
In the trees their music lifting,
  Happy songsters overhead!

Days of sunshine; days of raining!
  Easy moved to smiles or tears,
Careless losing, careless gaining,
  Token of our childhood years!

EASTER MORNING

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL

UP soars the lark on Easter morning
  In clearest region of the air,
His rapid wing the blue adorning,
  Till lost amid the brightness there.

The echoes of his song are ringing
  Through thousand voices of the fields,
Awake! Awake! they all are singing,
  The winter to the springtime yields.

Awake, ye brooklets, flow in lightness
And bless the land with fruitful days,
Awake, ye sunbeams, shine in brightness
And fill the greening woods with praise.

Awake, blue violets in the heather,
Primroses pale and blossoms red,
Proclaim the blessed word together
That love has power to raise the dead.

Awake, slow human hearts that, aching,
Still tarry in the winter's sleep,
That with the joyance or the breaking
In vain your empty vigils keep.

The glory of the Lord is given,
The breath of spring is o'er the land,
The bondage of the tomb is riven
And broken every cruel band.

Awake, sad hearts whose tender sorrow
And broken hopes must grave-ward cling,
Sad eyes so filled with tears shall borrow
The brightness of the bloom of spring.

Ye searchers, all your labor losing,
Far wandering on a weary way,
Awake! A wonder for your using!
The old-time world is young to-day.

All have a part in things most holy
That over all the land are poured,
Renewing comes to high and lowly,
For all, the gifts of spring are stored.

The dry grows green, the zephyrs vying.
The old grows young—afar and near.
The breath of God awakes the dying.
The Easter-day of Christ is here.

THE MIRACLE OF SPRING

Brown twigs are lifted to the skies,
  Dead leaves are drifted in the glade,
Dark clouds above the mountains rise,
  And all the world is in the shade.

Dim, brown and dead the still earth lies,
  What sign of prophecy is here?
An aged man beholds and sighs—
"This is the winter of our year."

He looks again, the green grass springs,
  Beneath the leaves bloom early flowers,
The air is stirred with songs and wings
  That usher in the golden hours.

The fruit-trees, fair, are crowned with white,
  The fleecy clouds sail o'er the blue,
The gloom is vanished. All is light,
  And all the world to-day is new.

A voice was calling, and they heard—
The grass—the leaves—the blossoms fair,
They felt the heart within them stirred
And lifted to the softer air.

And he, whose frosted, wearied years
Return not to their youthful tread,
Within his heart the voices hears,
The prophecy among the dead.

He sees the world make answer meet;
The forests glad their treasure bring,
He reads again the message sweet—
The sign and promise of the spring.

THE WARNING

Springtime bright and morning fair,
Girls with blossoms in their hair,
Apple-blossoms, sweet and white,
Rosy-tinted in the light!
Happy are the girls to-day,
Dancing, laughing, light and gay,
Passing by the mirror wide,
Glancing lovingly aside,
Just to see the picture, fair,
Flushing cheeks and curling hair!

One cheek has paled in this warm air,
One face—the one most sweet and fair—
Is grieved and tired and shadowed now.
What brings the sadness to her brow?
All look at her in strange surprise—
She answers thus the asking eyes:
"The mirrored picture warning gives—
For no one looks as I and lives.
I cannot tell you how or why,
I only know that I must die."

A silence and a shadow fell,
In every heart was felt the spell.
The blossoms faded fast away,
In darkness wept the April day.

When Autumn's bright-hued leaves were
seen,
The grass upon her grave was green.
And sad-eyed sisters passing by
Spoke of a land beyond the sky,
Half with a hope, yet doubting more;
(For far away and dim the shore)
That she whose feet with theirs had trod,
Now walked the happy hills of God.

AGAINST THE SKY

AGAINST the sky the elm has laid
Her graceful branches, unafraid.
Against the sky the maples rest,
And hold their red buds to be blest;
But brown they look against the sky—
Distorted buds so rough and high!
Seen on that ground of Heavenly blue,
Each imperfection comes to view.

Against the sky! That is the test.
Hold up thy soul, and stand confessed.
Against the sky! And all of earth
Will show at once its lowly birth.
Against the sky! And what is fair
Will join Eternal beauty there.
Have fellowship with Heaven, and try
To judge thy life against the sky.

THE SUNNY LAND

In Memory of Jennie Boardman, who Died April 14, 1883—Aged Twelve Years

Sweet roses from the sunny land,
By Southern breezes mildly fanned,
You wander far from your bright sphere.
Fair summer flowers, how came you here?
Here on the ground the snows lie deep,
Beneath the ground your sisters sleep;
And one as frail and sweet as they—
Our frail, white blossom dies to-day.

Go where to-day the mother weeps—
Go where to-day the dear one sleeps—
Go smile above the sweet, dead face,
And fill with fragrance all the place.
Go show your beauty sweetly there,
And breathe your lives away in prayer.
Go, types of the immortal bowers
And symbols of the fadeless flowers.

The child hath gone to sunny land,
We cannot see or understand.

Sweet flowers, to-day you are the sign
Of life and love and rest divine.
And when we see you—through our tears
We say—There come Eternal years.
This wreath is emblem fair of truth,
Eternal love—immortal youth.

This star is Faith's beloved seal,
We know not now. God will reveal
Sweet flowers that grew in sunny land,
Fulfill the mission God has planned,
Speak to us of the brighter shore
Where loved ones meet to part no more.
Sweet child of early promise bright,
Fulfill it in the Heavenly light.

Our Father, hear our sad hearts pray,
And comfort us who mourn to-day.
In Thee alone our faith is set,
In Thee is answer to regret.
Teach us the promise of the Spring,
The symbol of the tireless wing—
Teach us with spirit eyes to see,
And give us—Immortality.

THE MOURNERS

From the German of
Hoffman von Fallensleben

Careless hast thou in the lilacs
Joyful built thy little nest.
Little bird, above the gravestones,
Does no sorrow fill thy breast?

Flies are dancing, beetles whirring,
Bees are humming in the air.
Thou art singing in the sunbeams,
Thankful that the earth is fair.

Only human hearts are mourning
Sad within the graveyard wall;
Will not look above to heaven,
See the Springtime over all.

MAY

MAY

May has come, the month, the fairest,
With her treasures richly strewn.
Now the flowers are at their rarest,
And all beauty is her own.

White the bloodroots by the river!
Columbines are on the hill,
While the windflowers faintly quiver,
Kissed by wandering zephyrs still.

In the orchard, petals hoary
Whiten earth with Summer snow.
Burning bush is red with glory,
Dandelions bloom below.

Golden stars that fell from heaven
Scattered in the meadows green,
With the violets are given,
And the innocence between.

Lilacs lift their banners neatly,
Tulips glow in red and gold,
And the valley-lilies sweetly
In the shade of leaves unfold.

This is life's glad morning, glowing
Fresh with youth, and strong and sweet;
Perfect now, but ever growing
Toward a beauty more complete.

FUNGUS

THOU art cold as the grave, thou plant of the night,
How camest thou here at the dawning of light?
Thou art white as a vision of Death, and as strange;
Ah! where does the star of thy destiny range?

No floweret has blossomed in beauty for thee,
No fruit has thou gathered on life's fair tree.
How growest thou? Tell me the wherefore and why,
Roots feeding on death, how canst thou but die!

So rapid thy growth! The lilies grow slow.
Thou hast but an hour, thou plant of the snow,
The evil grows fast. Its time is soon past,
But slowly the good through the ages to last!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

"WHAT does the wind say?" O, child!
Its voices are many and fierce and wild.
Only to thee it is whispering mild,
And telling where roses are red.
To some it is sobbing to-night;
But see! It has blown out the light.
It has come through the churchyard white,
And has kissed the names of the dead.

To some it tells how forests quake—
How ocean waves in surges break—
How souls have prayed for Jesus' sake,
And wrecks have strewn the shore:
How noble ships were overthrown,
The sea, receding with a moan.
Anon the sparkling billows shone.
The dead returned no more.

Some hearts, as it shrieks, are filled with fear;
They tremble and groan at the voices they hear,

The ghosts of their slain arise from their
bier,
And will not be quiet again.
Their secret, who knows but God and the
breeze?
The winds have told it among the trees,
They bear it afar over lands and seas—
At last to the dwellings of men.

Whatever in thy life hath been,
Whatever lives thy soul within,
Of deep remorse or secret sin,
That, listening, canst thou hear.
Each heart must hearken in amaze,
To tones that echo through the days,
With words of blame or voice of praise,
Wind-blown through all the year.

THE MEANING OF THE SPRING

The flowers uplift their starry eyes—
Shy arbutus! Gay daffodils!
Above them bends the blue of skies,
They hear the music of the rills.

What matters that the skies are sweet,
And all the sunshine falleth bright?
The glory of the spring is fleet,
And in the grave is only night.

Yet surely nature will not lie,
Too kindly come her symbols fair.
Perhaps our loved ones seemed to die
When they but breathed celestial air.

How peaceful are their lives serene,
Thus glorified among the blest!
They sorrowed, but their graves are green;
Their souls have entered into rest.

A WREATH FOR MEMORY

MAY, 18—

FRAGRANT wild-flower blooms
Fill the pleasant rooms.
Apple-blossoms, pink,
Past and present link.
Sweetly-flying hours
Bind the years with flowers.

Azaleas from the wood
Promise only good.
Boxwood showeth white,
Lighting all the night.
Birds their songs repeat,
Loving songs and sweet.

On the window-sill
Roses blossom still.
And the heliotrope
Fills my heart with hope;
While the pansies fair
Sweeten all the air.

Memory backward cast
Shows the pleasant past.
Faith, with brow serene,
Seeks the pastures green.
Hope, with kindling eye,
Gazes at the sky.

Love, my darling, love
Leads the soul above;
Gives to earth its glow,
While the swift years go,
Makes our life the sign
Of the love divine.

NOW IS THE TIME OF THE BLOOM AND THE GOLD

Translated from the German
of Otto Roquette

Now is the time of the bloom and the gold,
O, beautiful world, so fair to unfold!
My heart is as light and as glad as the day,
As the jubilant air and the lark's merry lay.
You joyful ones, sing. Your life makes its
May.
Now is the time of the bloom and the gold,
Now are the days of the roses!

Free is the heart, and free is the song,
And free is the man all the world along;
And a rosy kiss is not the less free,
Though shy and timid the lips may be.
Where is given a kiss, where is sung a rhyme,
There is it called the golden time,
There are the days of the roses.

Ah! deep in the heart within have lain
The seeds of joy and the germs of pain;
Yet fresh be the heart, and lively the sense,
Though storms in their raging rush hither
and hence;
We yet at all times are ready to sing.
Yet lingers the bloom of the beautiful spring,
Now are the days of the roses!

DOST THOU KNOW

FROM THE GERMAN OF OTTO ROQUETTE

Dost thou know I watched thee climbing?
Saw thee, sweet, midst violet bowers?
Dost thou know thy branch of lilac,
With its wealth of snowy flowers?
Dost thou know the mountain way,
Where I begged thy branch that day?
Dost thou know?

Ah! it was a picture, pleasing,
Thus to see thee, standing, blushing;
On the ground thy blossoms falling,
On the stream beneath us rushing,
Restless played thy little hand
With thine azure ribbon-band.
Dost thou know?

Saw thee blushing, saw thee trembling,
Stream and cliff and eye of Heaven—
Saw thy first sweet kiss of greeting,
Partly taken, partly given.
From the sun a golden beam
Rested on the hill and stream.
Dost thou know?

RESURRECTION

From the German of Emanuel Geibel.

When one is dead among thy best-loved faces,
Endure thy grief alone—thy sad bereaving,
That still by land or sea it never leaving,
May go with thee in all the well-known places.

Thou soon wilt feel thy loss with Heavenly graces,
Alive within thy heart, where fancy weaving
In light and shade builds image undeceiving
Of him, thy rain of tears no more defaces.

Ah, yes! more fair the dead must be forever,
Around whose head transfiguring glories shine.

More true the dead, whom time nor change
can sever!
The heart holds Easter and the grave-
stone's line
From holy dust upsprings at love's en-
deavor;
For what is always loved is always
thine.

A FRAGMENT

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL

STRIVE in God to blend thy being,
Whole of heart, thou shalt be strong;
All thy doing, thinking, seeing
Have the harmony of song.

Only by the path of duty
Canst thou fairest build and best.
All of good and all of beauty
On the same foundation rest.

FROM THE WOOD

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL

I HAVE journeyed in a way
To the depths of woodland bringing,
With the forester to-day,
While the village-bells were ringing.

Golden sunshine in the trees!
Birds were singing sweetly o'er us,
While the voices of the breeze
Helped to swell the Sabbath chorus.

Thus we came into the glen
Where, without their parents' graces,
Slender twigs were sprouting then
In the pleasant, sunny places.

Joyfully the old man said
"See the arching boughs above us!
'Tis the blessing of the dead
Showing how our parents love us.

"Ever is it my delight
Here to watch the tree-tops meeting;
'Tis for me a holy sight,
Tis my parents' loving greeting.

"What is needed for our weal
Have our fathers for us planted.
Thus we for our children feel,
Thus we gather fruit enchanted.

"In the forest in my place
Tenderly I feel the meeting
With the fathers of my race,
With the children of my greeting.

"While I set the slender tree
All my heart with love is beating.
God above, I turn to Thee—
All my soul a prayer repeating.

"God protect you, tender trees!
When your buds with life are swelling,
May your music fill the breeze!
Peace and freedom be your dwelling!

"And my children, may you feel
Tokens of my blessing given!
As to me these trees reveal
Love that blesses me from heaven!"

Silent stood the man in prayer,
Prophet he of clearest vision,
Looking back to childhood fair,
Forward to the fields elysian.

Still I see his hands extend,
As he prays for blessings fairest,
While above, the tree-tops bend,
Blessing him with blessings rarest.

GLAD TIDINGS

From the German of Emanuel Geibel

The winter silences are dying.
Welcome the voices of the spring.
The juices through the wood are flying,
The heart of man is led to sing.
Hope sees the trees with blossoms gleaming
Beneath, the tender grass has birth.
A vision of the future, dreaming,
Goes like a blessing through the earth.

Then cast aside, O soul, thy sorrow
That held thee bound in pain so long.
From soaring birds a lesson borrow,
And follow them to Heaven in song.
He who can call to bloom and gladness
The brown and barren hedge of thorn,
Can call thy soul from out its sadness,
Can give a glimpse of Heavenly morn.

And are thy paths bedimmed with sinning!
Though stumble sore thy weary feet,
Believe, the greater is His winning,
Who blesses thee with pardon sweet.
Believe the joy that comes a-nearing,
Receive from God thy heart's desire.
Thy soul shall gain the better cheering,
Baptized with spirit and with fire.

BY-GONES

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL

THE lovely springtime is more bright,
With fragrance, sun and song,
Because it hastens from our sight
The plains and hills along.

The dream of love is still more sweet,
Bright dream that first-love weaves,
Because it passes by as fleet
As gorgeous autumn leaves.

And yet—my heart that loved and dreamed,
Although its hopes have left,
Because its sunshine once has gleamed
Cannot be quite bereft.

For it will keep the memory blest
Of its short, happy day.
The sun is sinking in the West,
But let there come what may;

Of bitter grief or joy anew,
I will have strength to bear.
My heart will keep its treasure true,
Forever young and fair.

LIFE'S MAY

From the German of Emanuel Geibel

The brooks are filled with mirth and singing,
The fragrance rises from the ground,
The buds and hearts their wishes winging,
Break all the chains the winter bound.

The step of deer is by the fountain,
The swan is sailing midst the blue,
The herdsman seeks the sunny mountain,
The boatman will his skiff undo.

With olden powers of magic thronging,
The springtime sings her songs divine,
That bring to all of life its longing,
Its better hope and brighter sign.

And thou, my heart, with high endeavor,
Charmed by the tuneful song and quest,
Must seek the home of love forever,
And journey to the land of rest.

DECORATION DAY

MAY 30—

LISTEN to the soldiers' feet,
  Marching through the village street!
Flags of union wave above,
  Hands are clasped in joy and love.

In the churchyard rest the dead,
  All their weary march is o'er;
Here the rain of flowers is shed
  Where was rain of tears before.

Blossoms white are sign of peace,
  Sign that wars and woes shall cease.
Blossoms blue are sign of love,
  Like the guarding sky above.

Bring the roses—sign of life—
  White and red no more at strife,
Blend them as it seemeth meet.
  Blended is their fragrance sweet.

Bring the union flag that waves,
  Blending red and white and blue.
With the banners mark the graves—
  Starry emblems, bright and true.

Soldier brothers, who have fought,
  Deck the soldiers' graves with flowers.
Freedom was with life-blood bought,
  And the rich results are ours.

Let us lift our thanks to-day—
  Thanks to them and thanks to God,
As we strew the flowers of May
  Tenderly above the sod.

Let us for our nation pray;
  She is great. God make her good!
May these blossoms of the May
  Be a pledge of brotherhood!

O, not in vain our soldiers bled,
  Nor vainly fell our loved ones dead.
From Maine to Gulf, from sea to sea,
  Our land is one. Our land is free.

YOUTH

All the springtime days are brightened
By the tender light of love.
All our earthly joys are heightened
By the glory from above.

Youth has all the springtime beauty,
May it keep its heart serene,
Walk the peaceful path of duty
In the living pastures green!

All the morning skies are glowing,
And the birds are all atune,
While the merry hours are growing
Toward the perfect calm of noon.

Youth has all the glow of morning,
Tender brightness in its face;
May it choose for its adorning
Heavenly wisdom—Heavenly grace!

JUNE

JUNE

JUNE has come, the month of roses,
Blossoms sweeten all the air.
Every day anew discloses
Summer's gifts beyond compare.

Pink azalea's reign is fleeting,
Brightening all the woodlands green.
Soon the modest wild flowers, greeting,
Welcome laurel as their queen.

By the road-side blooms the daisy,
Buttercups reveal their gold.
In the evening, gray and hazy,
Primrose petals bright unfold.

Now the bees are humming over
Farmers' fields of purest white,
Finding honey in the clover,
Burnished with the pollen bright.

Sweet forget-me-nots are lifting
  Wondrous gems of heavenly blue,
Summer clouds above are drifting,
  Golden sunbeams shining through.

In these days of love and duty,
  Life is rounding to its noon,
Full of strength and full of beauty,
  In the perfect light of June.

THE SONG OF THE KNOLL

HERE the sunlight shimmers,
Here the moonlight glimmers
Through the branches green.
Harsher sounds are stilling,
Nature's voice is thrilling
Through the woodland sheen.

Here the way of beauty
Is the path of duty
Dear to nature's heart.
Roses give their sweetness,
Summer brings completeness,
Crowns the work of art.

Listen to the whirring,
Listen to the stirring
In the branches fair.
'Tis the fairies' dwelling,
And their songs are swelling,
Sweet beyond compare.

Flocks of clouds are sailing—
Fleecy masses paling
Where the sun shines through.
Far above is given
Glimpse of dome of heaven
With its wondrous blue.

HALF-WAY

As half-way up the hill I stand
The flowers are fading in my hand.
Behind, are days of childhood sweet,
The hours of youth, with flying feet.

Before, are days of manhood's prime,
The toiling and the harvest time,
The summit lying in the sun,
The Master's words of cheer—"Well-done!"

Above, the light of heaven is bright,
The sun dispels the mists of night,
Around, the summer hills are green,
And peaceful are the graves between.

A smile for friends and comrades tried!
A tear for dear ones who have died!
A prayer of trust to God most high!
We journey upward to the sky!

THE TRIO

In the April month beginning
All the buds were opening white.
Earth her fairy robe was winning,
April days were full of light.

May, the queen, her throne preparing,
Fair with blossom, sweet with song,
All her wealth of beauty wearing,
Led her merry hours along.

June comes next upon us beaming,
Fair and sweet with sunny skies,
Every day with brightness teeming,
Every day a new surprise.

GREETING SONG

W. S. N. S., JUNE, 1883

WHERE we gathered in our youth
Stores of wisdom and of truth,
Listen! Listen! Hear the call!
"Come, my children, welcome all."

[CHORUS]

"Answer, children, answer me
With the songs of Jubilee."

Glad we come to haunts of old,
Live again the age of gold,
When we gained instruction, sweet
Alma Mater, at thy feet.

[CHORUS]

We have come to answer thee
With the songs of Jubilee.

We are one, in heart and aim;
We have kept thy vestal flame.
Over mountain, field and stream,
All thy watchfires brightly gleam.

[CHORUS]

Strike the chorus; swell the song,
"We are met, though parted long."

Meeting! greeting! after years,
Smiles of welcome answer tears.
For the missing, memory sweet
Makes the broken links complete.

[CHORUS]

Strike the chorus; swell the song,
We shall meet, though parted long.

Some there are whose sheaves are white,
Garnered in celestial light,
Sing for them triumphant strain,
They have reaped the golden grain.

[CHORUS]

We shall meet beyond the sea,
Sing the songs of Jubilee.

Meeting! greeting! mother true,
Early vows we here renew.
Thou hast blessed us, and we pray
Choicest gifts for thee to-day.

[CHORUS]

Choicest gifts we wish for thee
In thy year of Jubilee.

Drawn to thee by loving ties,
May thy thousand children rise,
Bless thee by their deeds, that shine
With the light that is divine!

[CHORUS]

Strike the chords at thy decree,
Swell the songs of Jubilee.

THE WHITE VEIL

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
MORITZ HARTMANN

THERE lies condemned, bound fast in
prison,
A Magyar Count of high degree.
He was a slave, with slaves uprisen,
To make himself and his country free;
He has met his fate and her stern decree.

This Magyar Count of twenty years
Is near—O, woful cause for tears!—
Not death alone, but shameful dying,
Where birds of prey in wait are flying.
What! Sleeps he peaceful on his straw,
A careless child in clutch of law!

The youth has wept on his mother's breast:
"O, mother, see, thy child returns,
How soon his hope to ashes burns!
How soon his name of high behest
Is wrapped in death's disgraceful night.
I bravely fought in many a fight;

I laid my life on my country's altar;
But to-morrow, O, mother! to-morrow I falter."

But the mother said, "Tremble not, my son,
I will kneel me down at the Kaiser's throne.
Though his heart were turned to stone, indeed,
He must relent at a mother's need.
At last, when the gloomy train goes by,
I will stand on my highest balcony;
If then I wear black weeds of woe,
My only child to his death must go.
Yet, go, my child, with unfaltering pace,
For thou dost belong to the Magyar race.

My son, if I wear my snow-white veil,
Thy pardon is granted. Banish thy sadness,
Receive the Emperor's grace with gladness.
The powers of death shall not prevail."

Because of this hope the Count can keep
This night, that is called his last, in sleep.
In his dreams comes his mother's smiling face,
Enwrapped for him in the snowy lace.

The hour has struck; and on the street
The wheels of death are slowly rolling;
The bells above are sadly tolling.
He walks in the midst of the tramping feet,
The flowers and the tears for him are falling,
And maidens' voices of woe are calling,
But he heeds them not. He looks on high
Where his mother stands on her balcony.

O, joy! For she wears her snow-white veil.
Now firm is his bearing, nor falters his tread.
He will not tremble. His strength will not fail.
Unflinching he comes to the funeral pile,
Unflinching meets death with a trusting smile.

And the snow-white veil? O, deceit for the dead!
The mother's heart, breaking, feigned hope for her boy,
That he go to his doom with courage and joy,
And his name with the praise of a hero be said.

THE ROSEBUD OF THE HEATHER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

ONCE there bloomed a rosebud sweet,
Rosebud of the heather,
Came a boy with flying feet,
Must the lovely rosebud greet
In the sunny weather.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red—
Rosebud of the heather!

Said the boy—"I'll gather thee,
  Rosebud, of the heather."
Said the rosebud—"I am free—
I have thorns to punish thee
  In the fickle weather."
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red—
  Rosebud of the heather!

Foolish boy to break apart
  Rosebud from the heather!
Now he suffers endless smart,
Naught can heal his aching heart,
  All is cloudy weather.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red—
  Rosebud of the heather!

JULY

TO MY FRIEND

Not when the merry feast is spread,
And youthful hearts with hope beat high!
A happier face, a brighter eye
Be with thee when glad moments fly!
When laughing words are gaily said—
Come not to me—my friend.

Not when the pulse of morn beats fast,
And youth's bewildering dreams are thine!
Choose then some soul less sad than mine,
To taste with thee life's royal wine—
And while thy joys unbroken last
Come not to me—my friend.

Come when the happy feasters go,
And leave vain echoes in the hall.
Come when no other voices call—
Come when the evening shadows fall,
And all the lights of life burn low,
Come then to me—my friend.

Come when the dreams of youth are broken
When thou hast failed to meet thy mark,
And all thy life is in the dark,
My heart of love shall be thine ark—
Thy grief the call, although unspoken,
To come to me—my friend.

THE SERENADE

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

"WHAT blessed music toning sweet,
From slumber wakens me?
O, mother, see, in this late hour
Who may the singers be!"

"I nothing hear; I nothing see;
O, slumber on so mild;
For no one sings this night for thee,
My poor, sick little child."

"It is not earthly melody
That moves me with its might,
The angel-choirs are calling me.
O, Mother dear, good-night!"

THE WATER-LILIES

"CONSIDER THE LILIES"

THE lilies are pure; their white,
Untainted by spot,
Unsullied by blot,
Most clearly reflects the heavenly light.
There's nothing more pure than their petals of snow,
Whose silvery gleams on the waters glow.

The lilies are sweet; their speech,
Perfuming the air
With incense rare,
Embraces the earth and the sky in its reach.
There's nothing more sweet than the fragrance they give,
Which makes the world purer wherever they live.

The lilies have trust; to the sky
Opens each flower
In the morning hour,
Then closes in rest when the sun rises high.
When comes on the lake the wind and the rain,
It humbly awaits the sunbeams again.

The lilies have peace; though the wave
In anger is high,
And black is the sky,
And their home grows as dark and as sad as the grave;
They peacefully float on the lake's throbbing breast,
Their anchorage sure, and their heritage, rest.

The lilies have beauty; and well
Such whiteness is given
As emblem of heaven.
Their fragrance is speech of goodness to tell;

Their beauty is type of heavenly things,
And their white is as fair as an angel's wings.

The lilies are teachers to show
What living is meet,
What dying is sweet;
For bowing their heads the waters below,
They peacefully fold each petal in place.
As they lived in their beauty, they die in their grace.

The lilies are risen—behold!
In hearts grown lighter,
In lives made whiter,
Their petals unstained, and their stamens of gold.
The lilies! the lilies! In deeds may they rise,
And waft their sweet incense of prayer to the skies.

SOWING

"In the Morning Sow thy Seed, and in the Evening Withhold not Thine Hand"

Farmer, sow thy seed with lavish hand,
Though the harvest not by thee is planned;
Nor knowest thou which falls in vain,
And which will render like again;
Or what, with blessings yet untold,
Will yield for thee a hundred-fold.

Teacher, often tried, and sore withstood,
Faint not; scatter still the seeds of good.
Though some may fail, yet others sweet,
Will yield the harvest that is meet.
And some, with powers of grace untold,
Will bloom forever—manifold.

THE HUMMING-BIRD

Flowers of the blood-red hue
  Bright on the window-sill,
Fresh with the morning dew,
  Balmy, spicy and still!

Tokens of fairy things,
  Glimpses of gold and green!
Flutter and whirr of wings,
  Prettiest ever seen!

Held in a delicate poise,
  Sipping the sweet of a flower,
Fleet at the thought of noise,
  Gone to his fairy bower!

See! He returns to the sweet,
  Hovers in perfect delight;
Folded his delicate feet,
  Only his wings in sight!

Less for the earth than for heaven,
Tenant of boundless space,
Bodily dream that is given,
Flitting from heavenly place!

My flowers have a royal guest
To greet their banners of red.
They gave to the world of their best,
And receive this presence instead.

And thus, saith a helpful creed,
Shall souls who give of their best,
Receive royal gifts as their meed,
And harbor a heavenly guest.

GAIN WITH LOSS

For every door
That opes before
The fates, unkind,
Close one behind.

THE EVENING CALLS TO REST

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH GÜLL

THE evening bells are calling
The weary day to rest.
The evening shades are falling.
The birds are in their nest.

The flowers of fairest seeming
Have closed their weary eyes;
In silence they are dreaming
Beneath the starry skies.

The ships wait for the morrow,
In haven by the shore.
Rest thou from care and sorrow,
And grieve thy heart no more.

But trust thy father's keeping,
Who holds the stars in sight,
His care will guard thy sleeping,
And give thee peace at night.

AUGUST

THE HEART'S TREASURES

Some treasures we but hold in pride,
Calling the world to come and gaze—
Our ornaments we wear for praise,
Because they shine in sunny days,
And with us in our joy abide.

The years go on. Our jewels, fine,
Have something lost of beauty, bright;
A shadow falls upon their light,
Forerunner of the coming night,
When none will see how fair they shine.

The years go on. Our white pearl, given
For purity; and ruby, red,
For love; and diamonds' truth; shall shed
Their richness when the nights are fled,
And be our treasures still in heaven.

ONE STEP

Oh, rest not now, thou toiler bold,
Thou who hast climbed all day with pain,
To pause to-night makes labor vain.
One step, the summit to attain!
Thou toiler bold,
Pause not for ease or gold.

Oh, rest not now, thou student deep,
Thou who hast studied through the night,
The sought-for goal is just in sight.
Oh, do not miss fair learning's height.
Thou student deep,
Pause not for idle sleep.

Oh, rest not now, thou valiant knight,
Thou who hast fought an unseen foe,
Soon shalt thou lay the traitor low.
Then seize thine arms and string thy bow.
Thou valiant knight,
Pause not, but win the fight.

Oh, rest not now, thou pilgrim gray—
Although thy sun of youth is set,
Still falter not, nor weary yet.
One step will lead beyond regret.
Thou pilgrim gray,
Pause not, but keep thy way.

Oh, toiler, student, knight and pilgrim gray—
One step—the summit is thine own—
One step—and wisdom's grace is shone;
One step—thy foes are overthrown;
One step—then rest before the throne.
Oh, pilgrim gray,
For such achievement, pray!

SISTER EMMA'S BIRTHDAY

AUGUST 4, ——

SWEET sister mine,
In life divine,
We greet thee over there,
Our love becomes a prayer.
Remember on thy natal day
The earth-life that has passed away.
Give us a thought from out that sphere.
Our hearts reach up to love thee, dear.

IN THE MORNING

Silent as in darkest night,
Yet with prophecies of light,
All the stars in quiet deep,
Look upon the world of sleep.
Holy calm and silence well
Hold the earth within their spell,
Peaceful watching overhead
Till the day shall dawn instead—
Busy day
That shall drive the dreams away,
Or shall weave them by his might
Into light.

There is silence in the heart,
Where the world can have no part—
Morning quiet in the soul,
Where the life is pure and whole.

Ere the busy hours begin
Pray they may be free from sin,
And that guardian angels may
Aid thee in the work of day—
Angels may
Aid thee in the work of day,
And thy dreams in deeds as sweet
Be complete.

IN THE EVENING

Silent hours come down apace,
And the weary leave the race.
All the stars in quiet deep
Welcome to the world of sleep.
Heavier the fragrance shed—
Darker wings of night are spread.
There is weeping overhead,
There is weeping for the dead.
Setting sun
Shows the work of day is done.
And the seal of silence set
Resteth yet.

Silent tears have left their trace
On the quiet, aged face,
But the pleading of the eyes
Well may stand for prophecies.
From this side the verge of night,
Looking out with spirit-sight,
Where beyond our earthly skies
Those celestial visions rise,
Seen afar
By the wise who watch the star,
Promising eternal light
After night.

THE SEA

When wilt thou rest, O sea!
Thou of the restless heart,
Grand in thy majesty,
Wailing thy lost, apart!

Thy sorrows will not cease,
There is no rest for thee,
No one to speak thee peace,
As Christ to Galilee.

Ah! thou hast heard when time
Shall be henceforth no more,
In the celestial clime
No ocean-surge will roar.

Thou, who art now so fair,
With crested wave in sun,
Thou, with the heart of care,
Forever more undone!

Mighty, and grand and strong,
Majestic, wild and free,
Can an eternal song
Be perfect without thee!

THE INFINITE

HIGH up the craggy mountain steep,
Where pines are towering on high,
Where mighty earth-born tempests sweep,
Where close the restful cloud-realms lie;
We look around with trembling gaze,
We cannot bear the dizzy sight,
We hide our eyes in our amaze,
And shut us wearied from the light.

Hushed on the shore of mighty sea,
Where wave on wave rolls out afar,
Where silence reigns, and mystery,
Where night and stars and spirits are;
We look beyond with fearsome awe,
We cannot understand the sign,
We wonder at the power of law,
We question of the love divine.

The human soul ascends the skies,
And dares to try the realms untrod,
And through the Universe descries
The impress and the thought of God.
Amazed, abashed, she turns aside;
How can she bear the wondrous sight!
Too far she ventured in her pride,
Where angels walk the fields of light.

The human soul from earthly shore,
Descrying far the boundless sea,
Repeats her watchword o'er and o'er,
Infinity! Infinity!
She looks till time shall be no more,
Till countless worlds shall cease to be;
Her Father's hand unlocks the door.
Eternity! Eternity!

STRANDED

The ships with silver sails go by,
They seek the far-off golden isle,
Their spars gleam bright against the sky,
But one is stranded here the while.

She is not wrecked or marred or torn,
But strong and beautiful and fair,
Yet by the shore she waits forlorn,
Nor hopes the ocean-life to share.

The breezes kiss her brow in vain,
The waves woo gently at her feet.
There is no answering pulse again,
No longing for a life more sweet.

Too late! There is a death in life
As sad as wrecks in seas gone down.
Thus souls are stranded from the strife
Who bear no cross and win no crown.

THE LAST WISH

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF E. A. GIESELER

ONCE, in shade of home-roof olden,
With my gray-haired friend was I—
Through the treetops saw the golden
Evening glowing in the sky.

"All that we in life are trying,"
Hear the old man, musing, say—
"Evening sees it lightly dying
As the lovely summer-day.

"See! our wishes dead are lying;
Youthful strength has passed away.
For one gift alone I'm sighing,
Ere is gone my summer-day—

"Once to yonder mountain fleeing,
(Where in boyhood oft I lay,
In the distance faintly seeing
Long and lovely summer-day—

"Thence to note on meadow streaming,
Where the brooklet glides away,
On the village yonder gleaming
Wondrous light of summer day.

"Once again might I but listen
To the thrushes' distant lay,
See upon the home-woods glisten
Long and lovely summer-day!

"Once again might I but hearken,
Learning what the shadows say,
Till at length the land shall darken
After one long summer-day!

"And at last when I am thinking
Evening shades have come to stay—
Deepest peace may I be drinking
After my long summer-day!"

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER

COUNTLESS sunny golden-rods,
Milkweed with its silken pods,
All the asters purple-eyed,
Royal in their regal pride,
Gentian blue with trustful eye,
Looking up to meet the sky,
Here a touch of gold and red,
Where the squirrel makes its bed,
There the snow-white thistle bloom,
And an air of sweet perfume,
Purple grape and fruitage rare,
Apple, peach and plum and pear,
All unite of summer's best,
Making early autumn blest.

MY LOST IDEAL

I WORSHIPED an idol, bending low,
For goodness and beauty I loved him so,
I thought the gift of the hand divine
Was his fair life beloved of mine.

Death has not touched my hero blest,
I hold him still my heart's fond guest;
No other of all is like to him,
Yet how is the finest gold grown dim!

For earth has claimed him, and her trace
Has dimmed the brightness of his face.
The spirit-life no more I know,
I weep for my idol, bending low.

A little cloud, but it hides the sun!
A token of night ere day is done!
A touch of earth on the beauty rare
Has marred God's perfect image there.

THE LARGER GIFT

Merry child, so rich in treasure,
Rosebuds red and lilies sweet,
Blessings given without measure
Make your life with joy complete.

But a richer gift is offered,
Larger life the future brings.
For the higher treasure proffered
Put away your childish things.

Busy man, though much is given,
When you hear the higher call,
Losing earth, make choice of heaven,
Which shall recompense for all.

ACROSS THE YEARS

A HAND of love at length appears,
A hand reached out across the years,
To bring me youthful treasure green,
Unmindful of the graves between.
Alas! It cannot be. The past
Its wrecks around our feet has cast.

Of those whose paths together led,
Ere youthful hopes and dreams were dead,
Some wander far in lands unknown,
Where they have learned to live alone,
Some lie at rest, with cold hands pressed
Above the quiet of their breast.

Is life the same? Can we forget?
Will youth's sun rise when it has set?
Life's lesson then can we unlearn,
And to the eastern glory turn?
Will buried love arise at length,
Again rejoicing in his strength?

Ah! no, my friend. Yet thee I greet
With pleasant memories and sweet.
We clasp our hands in peace at last
Across the gulf of sorrows past,
And looking upward through our tears
We gain a glimpse of heavenly years.

LOVE DITTY

For you I wish: for you I wish
  Sweetest words of any tongue,
  Sweetest words or said or sung—
Ich liebe dich. Ich liebe dich.

For sweeter ne'er: for sweeter ne'er
  Ever fall on willing ear,
  You their melody will hear—
Je t'aime, ma chère. Je t'aime, ma chère.

For you I know: for you I know,
  Who will soon my lines repeat,
  Who will speak the words so sweet—
Sed te amo. Sed te amo.

EARTHWARD AND HEAVENWARD

Looking down, you see the olden
Highway decked with grasses green,
Gleaming buttercups of golden,
Shine of sun and shade between.
Narrow landscape! yet it teaches
More than you may comprehend,
And its lowliest grass blade reaches
Unto marvels without end.

Looking up, you see the arbor
Of the branches, million-leaved,
Where, the happy birds to harbor,
Thick the reddened vines are wreathed.
Higher still the stars are gleaming,
Far within the sky's deep blue,
All your soul is filled with dreaming,
All the worlds have talked with you.

Looking down, you see your labor,
Care of love and recompense,
Duties owed to friend and neighbor,
All the active present tense;

Seems it narrow, yet so glows it,
With the light supernal given,
And eternity so shows it,
It will beautify your heaven.

Looking up, you see the glory
Of the life with Christ divine,
Read the meaning of the story
Where the sacred beacons shine.
Higher still beyond your reading,
In the realms you cannot see,
Thither life for you is leading,
And it means—eternity.

IN TENEBRIS

SHADOW of a lowly grave,
Lying sad and lying deep,
Where the purest lilies wave,
Where the human lilies sleep!
Solemn shadow,
Lying still and lying deep,
Where we laid our loved to sleep!

NIRVANA

Translated from the German of
E. A. Gieseler

Where far the light, blue billow of
Narandschana flows,
Where deep within the woodland the
magic flower grows,
There sits within the shadow upon a
moss-grown stone
Siddârtha, son of Maya, in earnest thought
alone.

Far from the human nations, alone with
nature's heart,
He sought to read life's problem, so
deeply hid by art;
And as the wavelet murmuring around
his footsteps broke,
He upward looked, and lightly unto him-
self he spoke.

"As yonder restless billows on billows leave
no trace,
And as one pathway cometh another to
efface,
So races follow races, and one by one do
we
Sink down within the trackless; the deep,
eternal sea.

"The stream rolls on forever. We in an
instant die.
We sink away in silence as fast the waves
go by.
Like them we gleam in splendor within
the sun's short light;
In nothingness then sinking, we vanish
from the sight.'

THE "STILL, SMALL VOICE"

Our joys make haste in glad array
To fill with smiles the happy day.
On every side the voices call;
We have not time to heed them all.
What wonder that sometimes we miss
The tones that speak of better bliss!
O, wondrous voice, so low and sweet,
Thy words of love and peace repeat!

The years grow sad. The voices wail.
A sob is heard in every gale.
Now all the happy past is gray;
The world to ashes turned to-day.
Along the line of hopeless years
The voices sadly blend with tears.
In wayward grief we scarcely know
The tones that call us from our woe.

There comes a silence in our heart,
Where worldly cares no more have part.
Ah! dim and dead, and far away
Are all that made earth's little day.
Alone! Alone! where none may reach,
Is vaster thought than findeth speech,
Where weary feet the heights have trod,
And waiting souls have talked with God.

A GLIMPSE

We have seen the "Promised Land,"
Beautiful and fair and grand,
In our dreaming had a vision
Of eternal fields—elysian.

But the mystery is unread,
Till by Sleep's sad brother led,
All our dreamland yields instead
To the kingdom of the dead.

BE TRUE TO THE DREAMS OF THY YOUTH

Skies are black, in place of blue,
And the world has lost its truth,
Yet, O man! be true, be true
To the visions of thy youth.

'Twixt the light behind, before,
Walking in the midst of strife;
Though the glory comes no more,
Patient, live a noble life.

All the work that comes to you,
Do in earnestness and truth.
All thy life, O man! be true
To the dreamings of thy youth.

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST"

Sweeter words were never spoken—
From the Master—precious token—
Balm for hearts by sorrow broken—
Gift of rest!

Earthly joys, alas! are fleeting,
Parting follows every greeting.
Weary hearts with restless beating
Long for rest.

Seeker, tired of worldly pleasure—
Here is peace beyond earth's measure;
Here is found the heavenly treasure;
Here is rest.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER

The queen of autumn comes apace,
A lovely queen, and full of grace.
The leaves grow bright beneath her tread.
A golden glory gilds her head.
But summer's blossoms, bright and sweet,
Are fading now beneath her feet.
The willow-leaves adown the rills;
The yellow maples on the hills;
The tawny oaks of darker hue,
With rays of sunlight gleaming through;
Five-finger vines of brightest red,
Where richest glow of sun is shed;
The green of pines, where Nature's song
Makes music when the night is long;
The red-hued berries, bitter-sweet,
Of human hearts the emblem meet;
Among the leaves the chestnuts brown,
Now slowly, softly dropping down;
All these in mellow, dreamy haze
Give welcome to October days.

THE YEAR IS OLD

The year is old: the springtime hours
Have vanished with the Mayday flowers,
When fleecy clouds were overhead,
And underneath bright petals spread.

The year is old: the summer grain
Is garnered from the autumn rain;
And all the perfect autumn store
Of fruitage now is seen no more.

The year is old: the glorious crown
Of maple leaves is floating down;
And all the dreamy autumn haze
Has vanished with October days.

The year is old: its work is done;
It rests beneath a setting sun.
The winds will wail its requiem sweet;
The snows will weave its winding sheet.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, ——

OCTOBER, queen of autumn, breathes
The fragrance of her garnered sheaves,
As o'er her favored hills she wreathes
Her many-colored crown of leaves.

Through woodland rifts the sunbeams shine,
The gentian lifts its eyes of blue.
The Indian pipe beneath the pine
Shows silver-white with pallid hue.

The "ladies' tresses" in the grass,
And in the sun the golden-rod,
Nod greetings to us as we pass.
The star-flowers beckon from the sod.

The purple asters hold their sway
  In royal colors richly dressed.
The world is very fair to-day,
  Adorned as at a king's behest.

Soon must the beauteous flowers lie low;
  The heart beat faint within their breast.
Soon will the winding-sheet of snow
  Enfold them in their wintry rest.

When rest is o'er, the birds will sing,
  The chain of ice will melt away;
Then will there dawn another spring;
  The flowers will bloom another day.

So run the seasons round and round,
  The work, the rest, the beauty given—
And through their changes men have found
  A symbol sweet of things of heaven.

If one who breathes celestial air
  Should count the earthly seasons still,
And, looking down, behold how fair
  Our earth remains in spite of ill,

Perhaps this world might claim her yet,
This one bright day of leaves and flowers,
Her birthday here—in memory set
Amidst the jewels of earth's hours.

Oh, come to-day from heights of heaven
To see the woods and hills again!
This holy day of all the seven
The angels best may walk with men.

Our hearts would gladly greet thee now;
To-day exchange thy world for this.
Come with heaven's light upon thy brow,
And earth shall sadden not thy bliss.

Come, see thy home beloved of yore;
Smile by the graves where thou hast wept.
Earth's bitter tears are thine no more;
Thou and thy mourned alike have slept;

Alike have waked in other spheres
Beyond our power of thought or sight,
Where, looking back o'er "vanished years,"
They see the ways of God are right.

We cannot bring our gifts to-day—
  Our symbols of remembrance sweet,
Yet for thee still we dare to pray
  That God will make thy joy complete:

That when our sands of life are run,
  And earth has faded from our sight,
We too may meet beyond the sun
  Where God's own presence giveth light.

GAINED

Treasure gladly gained
  Fading soon away,
By a touch profaned,
  Pleasure of a day,
Ruined in our grasp
  Like a broken toy;
Dead within our clasp,
  Frail and fleeting joy!

MISSED

Treasure never given,
  Only promised good,
Perfected in heaven,
  Here misunderstood,
Gleaming in the night,
  When the day is o'er,
With a starry light,
  Fadeless evermore!

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER

THE rustling leaves beneath our tread;
A royal carpet richly spread;
Bare twigs that rest against the sky;
Brown hills afar where shadows lie;
A slanting sun across the field,
Where late was gleaned the harvest yield;
A sky of mingled blue and gray,
That melts in peaceful white away;
A line of light above the hill;
A frost on meadow gleaming chill;
Slow falling of the Autumn rain;
And fairy tracings on the pane;
By all these tokens is it shown
November comes to claim her own.

THE AUTUMN HEART

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL

WOULD it were only cheeks that fade
When Autumn-time anears!
Alas! the blight is deeper made;
The heart grows old with years.

Alas! when noisy youth is still,
When sight grows sad and cold,
The heart forgets the eager will,
Forgets the love of old.

Although the gems of wit may flow
From lips grown wise and bold,
It is as when the grasses grow
Above the graveyard mold.

The nights are come, of darkened years
  The idle glimmers die.
Our heart is seeking now for tears.
  The fount of tears is dry.

We are so poor; so wearied now,
  We scarce know why. We only seem
To feel the withered heart and brow.
  Our joy was but a dream.

HOW FAIR IS THE RHINE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
C. H. SCHNAUFFER

THOUGH praises the Tyrol
His Tyrol so well,
To me is left only
The Rhineland to tell.
O, splendid and noble
The mountain-peaks shine;
But friendly and loving
And fair is the Rhine.

The torrent there washes
The earth from the flowers;
Here waters the vineyards
And blesses the bowers.
Where gushes so sparkling
A river as mine?
How friendly and loving
And fair is the Rhine!

Though yonder with cattle
The mountain-maids roam;

Yet here are the maidens
Of love and of home.
Here sweetly love whispers
"I always am thine!"
How friendly and loving
And fair is the Rhine!

The herdsman is singing
Afar on the hill.
Here freedom is ringing,
Inspiring us still.
The people are learning
At liberty's shrine.
How friendly and loving
And fair is the Rhine!

For me, I love only
The Rhineland so well;
I leave to the Tyrol
Its praises to tell.
For splendid and noble
Its mountain-peaks shine,
But friendly and loving
And fair is the Rhine.

THE WAY OF THORN

WHERE flowers are blooming sweet
About the pilgrim's feet,
And sunshine fills the road
To the divine abode,
Is that thy path, my friend?
The way I choose for thee
In prayer on bended knee?
I dare not choose, my friend.

Where shadows darkly fall
And sorrow's voices call,
Where darkness fills the way
That leads to perfect day,
Is that thy path, my friend?
It is the way of thorn
That leadeth to the morn.
I dare not choose, my friend.

Afar in sunset's rift
The heavenly hills uplift,
The gates of God unfold
Upon the streets of gold.

They stand in white array
Who came by thorny way,
Led forth by Christ, their King,
Through holy suffering.

I dare not choose, my friend,
I dare not choose, and yet—
Could I but see the light
Beyond these vales of night,
Have but a glimpse before,
When "Time shall be no more"—
The hardest lesson set
Within the book of life;
Of sorrow, toil and strife:
Because I love thee best
Might be my heart's request.
It is the way of thorn
That leadeth to the morn.
Lose not that morn, my friend!
When paths of grief we tread,
And mourn beside our dead,
God give us grace, my friend!

SORROWS

THINE

THINE to mourn the early dead!
Wilt thou not be comforted?
Faded from the sky its light,
When that face of waxen white,
Having lost its rosy bloom,
Rested in the silent tomb!

MINE

MINE to mourn who in his youth
Left the way of right and truth—
Happy had he fallen asleep,
Ere he missed the angels' keep!
Friend, the lilies wreathe thy cross;
Mine is an eternal loss!

RIGHT AND LEFT

On thy right the waters still
Flowing from the heavenly hill!
On thy right the pastures green,
Where the tree of life is seen!
On thy right the narrow way
Leading upward to the day!
'Tis the path where mountains rise
Till their summits reach the skies.

On thy left the poison glade,
With its gloomy, dreadful shade!
On thy left the deadly air
Blighting all the fruitage fair!
On thy left the downward slope
Leading from the hills of hope!
'Tis the path that openeth
Broadly to the gates of death.

Choose the right, and be thou blest.
Choose the right, and find thy rest.
Tempted one, look up to heaven,
Where the help of God is given.

Shun the flowers of poison breath;
Shun the road that leads to death.
Seek the better way divine
Where celestial glories shine.

THE LOVE OF GOD

Or joy, or grief, whate'er betide
Within His heart our cares abide.
He gives us peace. He gives us rest,
And in His love our souls are blest.

We bless Him, crown Him, love Him now:
In deepest reverence lowly bow,
And raise our hearts to Him above,
Who holds the worlds within His love.

His love will never change or wane;
It is the joy of heaven's refrain;
It moves all hearts the years along
To join the everlasting song.

The golden heights of heaven resound,
And all the depths of space profound
Forever bless the king of might,
Encircled by eternal light.

We offer now our lowly part—
The incense of a grateful heart;
It rises to His heart above,
And we are kept in lasting love.

AUTUMN LESSONS

The mists arise and float away
Beneath the morning's light.
How fair, this glory of a day
That fadeth in a night!

Late blooming flowers of blue awake
To meet the sun's slant rays;
To whisper hope for human sake,
And die with autumn days.

The flowers must die. The good they taught
In human hearts survives.
The blue must fade. The trust it brought
Will bloom in better lives.

The leaves must fall. Their lessons sweet
For winter months are given.
The autumn's fairest days are fleet,
Yet give a glimpse of heaven.

SO QUICKLY FALLS THE NIGHT

So fast the shadows fall!
  So quickly comes the night
With clouds that shut out all
  The glad day's vanished light!

And we with work undone,
  And idle hands at rest,
Mourn vainly for the sun
  That vanished in the west.

So quickly falls the night!
  We thought to fill our day
With noble deeds and bright,
  Before it passed away.

We thought we would be wise,
  On golden fruitage feed,
Win favor in their eyes
  Who all the nations lead.

We thought to climb on high
  Above the dusty street,
To live anear the sky
  In peace and calm complete.

We built our castles tall,
  In distant, sunny Spain—
Fair castles doomed to fall
  And ne'er to rise again!

So quickly comes the night!
  We sit with folded hands
And wait for other light
  To shine on other lands.

We wait with goal unwon,
  The night comes down apace.
So soon withdraws the sun
  The glory of his face!

Come, Death, from out thy hiding-place
And tell us—Have we lost the race?

THE FIRST SNOW

Translated from the German
of Moritz Hartmann

Where the early snow is lying
  Trees were decked with emerald rare;
Where the early dreams are dying,
  Hearts were filled with fancies fair.

Snows must melt, the power revealing
  Of the sunshine, bright and strong.
Ah! bright angel, come with healing
  For the wounds of woe and wrong.

THE EVIL GENII

I WANDERED in the gloomy woods alone;
The ghosts of sin arose about my way.
My soul was filled with dread; I could not pray.
I, fearful, asked their names and dread intent.

One gave reply: "We are the lost of heaven,
The rulers of the depths of hell below.
Our names were written once in lines of light,
But darkened now with brand of sin and death.
Our leaders? We are known as Vice and Pride,
And Envy, Malice, Hate—the friends of war—
The hosts of hell. In numbers we outrun
The yellow sands along the shining shores.

We hate our rulers, but we love to rule.
We conquer man, and drive him down the deeps.
What didst thou say! He will not go! But see
The fighting crowds that fill the broadening path!
Man hastens to his doom as to a feast.
He is beguiled by pleasure's soft deceits,
Or lure of gold, or fatal thirst for drink,
Enticing fruitage of the tree forbidden.

"He questions not. He is a ready victim.
Ah! We can weave bright garlands for our chosen.
We teach our slaves to wear their chains like crowns.
We take the guise of angels when we will.
We play their harps; we wear their robes of white.
Man does not miss the soul of joy within
Until the outraged heavens are lead above,
And prayers and tears alike are unavailing.

"Man does not fear the heart of ashes, hid
Within the fruit of gold. He does not heed
The vipers crawling slow beneath the vines.
He breathes the poison-flowers, whose breath is blight.
He thinks their fragrancy a charm against
Their blasting. Grapes grow purpling in the sun,
From which we press the juices bright and red.
For every draught we mingle, man shall pay
In drops of life-blood. He shall drink and die.

"We turn all blessings into curses—all
Fair things to foul, and heaven itself to hell.
A fell unrest still drives us through the earth.
The man we bind shall never rest again.
His smile is but a mask henceforth. His bloom

Of innocence is gone. Our touch is blight.
We hate mankind—the dupes—the would-be knaves,
The fools with devil-hearts and idiot-heads!

"We chain them down to sordid earth, and make
Them love their fetters well. They culture weeds,
And fling their flowers upon the dusty street.
They build them hovels for their souls, and burn
The palaces that were their ancient birthright.
They tear God's image from their hearts of sin,
And offer incense to the priests of hell.

"We sow the wrong; man waters it with tears,
And reaps the harvest through eternal years.

He barters love for hate, and right for wrong,
And crowns for chains and heaven itself for hell.
His use of freedom sets the worlds aghast.
The devils tremble and the angels weep.
Ah! How we joy to see the angels weep!
Aye! let them weep through all the ages; for
Their tears can never quench the fires of hell."

"Man shall be warned," I cried, "you have confessed
The woful wrong, and I will tell him all."
The woods re-echoed with satanic mirth.
"Thou simple one! Of what avail thy words,
Where the celestial powers have warned in vain!
Man's very nature warns him, for his soul
Was made too high to sin and not to suffer.

"He goes unheeding, not unwarned, to death.
He casts his gifts upon the stream of time,
And lets them float for aye beyond his reach.
His sin, for which he cannot hope forgiveness,
Is that he will not listen to the voices
That call from mounts of blessing and of cursing.
For even God has striven with man in vain,
And prayed him to be saved. What can He more?

"But look adown the tide of years for warnings
Among the wrecks that strew the shores of time.
See hopes that burn to ashes; bitter hearts;
The dead by drink; the nations slain by sin;
Remorse that stalks amidst eternal ruins,

"But few the ships that sink on hidden shoals!
The buoys are thickly set where souls went down.
The saintly ones beseech and beg and pray
The sin-sick but to lift their eyes for healing.
God's mercy pleads; but dying eyes are dim.
The darkness falls. The sinning souls are ours.

"Has man found sin so sweet? In sooth, I know not.
When we were fallen from heaven we held ourselves
The veriest fools of all the universe.
But then there were no men on earth—poor men—
Clay-made, to harden in the fires of hell."

At this the dreadful voice of doom was drowned
In shrieks of hideous laughter through the woods.

The thunder pealed above. The floods outpoured.
The night was full of terrors. Fiery gleams
Athwart the sky showed slippery paths of pride,
Down which the shining angels fell from heaven.

When next I saw again the homes of men
Alight with joy and love, I marvelled much;
If God could not redeem His souls from doom,
He did not strike the world that once was His,
And make a darkness 'midst the lamps of heaven.

THE GOOD GENII

THE sun was sending light adown the slope.
The trees were shining with their pearls of dew.
The air was filled with breath of flowers and song.
I watched the sunbeams gliding through the shades,
Until my eyes were opened, and I saw
The angel-forms that filled the place with light.
Their regal beauty was not born of earth.
The joy of heaven and her glorious days
Have made them fair above all earthly things.

My soul was moved to love this heavenly beauty,
To see that highest good of which this glory

Was but the seal and sign. I hid my face
In my amaze, and sank abashed to earth.
I felt a touch that was a benediction.
I heard a voice revealing holy things.

"We bear the light of heaven. It is so near
We have but crossed its shining threshold o'er—
The messengers of God, to lead this earth,
That fell astray—back to the paths of day
Where God's fair angels walk in white array.

"Our leaders—Love and Life—guide well our steps.
We are their chosen band. Men call us Peace
And Charity, Philanthropy and Good
And Meekness, that shall win the earth at last
For God. We are in numbers more than drops
That fill the hoary seas with shining pearls.

"Man has been tempted from his first estate.
We come with loving hearts and helping hands
To lift him from the ways of sin and death.
We bring the branch of healing and the palm
Of victory. For sin and death shall die.
'Tis only attributes of God can live
Throughout the ages, shining like His suns.

"We pity man who sins and suffers much.
Already much is lost. But we are come
To lift him up, to save him from his sin,
That he may see his loved and lost again,
May yet redeem his treasure from its grave,
May trample evil down, and choose the right,
May live a loyal life for good and God.

"We come to tell how God, the father, loves;
To plead with man; to tear his idols down;
To lead him by all beauty and delight;

To lead him by all grief that purifies
His heart and opens wide its doors toward heaven.

"We win our way but slowly on the earth,
Yet we are sure that right shall reign at last.
Our harps at last shall strike the chorus glad,
And all creation's hosts shall join the song.
There comes at last the golden age of good,
Revolving with its thousand years of peace.

"We cannot fail. Mankind is ours, and we
Are Christ's and Christ is God's. The world is His.
He made it. He redeemed it from its sin,
And He will keep it through the countless years.

"The light is more than darkness. Love is more

Than hate. The hosts of heaven are stronger than
The ranks of hell. The good is more than ill.
The right has innate strength to conquer wrong.
Our God is greater than the puny arms
That try to raise against Him, strength He gave.

"Shall God be conquered? Shall He lose His own?
Thrice His already! By creative might
That framed them—By redeeming love that saved,
And by the holy power that moves their hearts,
Which never rest except they rest in Him!

"We sing of 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'
All war shall cease. The ranks of wrong shall die.

The world is God's. He comes to claim
His own.
Ah! Happy world, attuned again to
song!
Again the morning-stars shall sing to-
gether.
Again the lights of heaven shall shine
undimmed;
When earth, redeemed from sin, and
called of God,
Shall take her place among the shining
spheres.

"O, world of woe, so fair, though fallen low,
What wilt thou be when God hath cleansed
thy sin?
Baptized thee with the Holy Ghost and
fire?
Thou shalt be worthy of thy place in
heaven,
When on thy forehead thy new name is
written,
Thy holy name, known but to thee and
God.

For thou art heir of kingdoms through
His grace.

"When wilt thou take thy grand inheritance?
When wilt thou take the proffered love of
Him
Who loved thee first and best, and always,
whom
The angel-hosts adore—thy Father—God?
Then will the universe rejoice—and He
Who called thee from the void, will look
again
Upon His work and see that it is 'good,'
His image formed complete in every soul!
All gathered blessed by the tree of life
That blooms within the paradise of God!"

A thousand happy echoes caught the
words.
White wings were moving fair along the
sky.
Then heaven was opened and the angels
passed
Beyond my sight within the gates of gold.

When next I saw again the homes of men,
Alight with joy and love, I raised to God
A prayer of praise for all the gifts He gives;
And most of all for hope of holiness,
Immortal life and blessedness, and love
That leaves no darkness 'midst the lamps of heaven.

MY CASTLE

I BUILT my castle tall and strong.
I built to last the ages long.
I said—"Such love as this of mine
Is perfect as the love divine."

My tower has crumbled in a day;
Its broken pillars strew the way.
I built on ashes, sand and dust;
I built for earth. Its bloom is rust.

DECEMBER

TO MY BROTHER

DECEMBER 4—

My brother, in the heavenly spheres,
Where time is counted not by years;
Behold our world that turning round
Thy day of birth again hath found.

We count the time from sun to sun,
As seasons in their cycles run.
With thee it is eternal light.
Thy day can never yield to night.

My brother, thou wilt not forget
This orb with days and seasons set.
Our light leads on through countless space.
Thine is the loving Father's face.

We count the years that make us old,
While heavenly joys to thee unfold.
Eternal youth to thee is given;
Eternal love is thine in heaven.

We also, brother, have a share
Of blessing and of answered prayer,
In love that knows nor space nor age;
In heaven—our common heritage.

NEAR AND FAR

DEAR heart, what is there but love
While the seas moan out in the night?
And the stars encircling above
Send arrowy gleams of light?

Sit closer, my dear one, my own
'Neath shadows of night and of cloud,
Nor tremble, though billows may moan,
And the waves rage fiercely and loud.

My dear one, my heart is glad.
I hold you so close to my breast—
But you—you are sighing and sad.
I offer you love's own rest.

His name! Why, my precious, I thought—
Did he follow you over the seas?
Love's jewels can never be bought,
Nor slighted love's lightest decrees.

Time and space are between you, I know.
They are naught. I must understand.
You are his, wherever he go.
It is I who am lone in the land.

Yet, darling, his jewel, his star—
I've suffered so much—do you hear?
The arms that enfold you are far.
The heart that you long for is near.

Did you think I would keep you from him?
I love you too well. Though I die,
I will not your happiness dim.
I love you and leave you—good-bye.

"YOUR HOUSE IS LEFT UNTO YOU DESOLATE"

YEA, desolate! The rooms are still
  Whence merry tones are fled
Where phantoms all the chambers fill,
And wander at their own sweet will,
  Were borne away my dead.

I watch and wait, with tables spread,
  And all the doors I ope.
I listen for a coming tread.
It cannot bring me back my dead.
  It bears away my hope.

My heart is as my house—alone;
  Its mirth and hope have fled.
It hears no answer from its own;
Its singing-birds of youth have flown;
  Its loves are with the dead.

The welcome waits—the love-feast spread,
Poor foolish heart—in vain!
In vain your tears of grief are shed.
There is no waking for your dead.
The soul of love is slain.

VISUM RETRORSUM

Bring back those dreams of mine,
All rosy-tinted in the light.
Bring back the love that seemed divine,
Yet faded in the night.

Bring back the joys of youth,
When all the world was fair to see.
Bring back my early faith in truth
And immortality.

The blue of skies was near.
Sweet were the flowers and mossy beach.
The world was new and bright and dear,
And heaven within my reach.

Now all is written o'er
With lines of pain and loss and blight,
With sorrow for what comes no more,
With terror of the night.

What if one came to say,
As one who knows—"I bring thee cheer.
The night but ushers in the day.
God leads thee. Have no fear!"

From slope of Olivet,
Where God did not withhold his best,
Across the ages echoes yet—
"Come unto me—and rest."

THE BEAUTIFUL PAST

Its sorrows are melting away,
Though our hearts were broken one day.
The Healer has come to stay.
In the mists they are fading at last—
The griefs of the beautiful past.

O, thou wonderful, charmed shore,
Where is learned joy's mystical lore,
And we laugh at the troubles of yore!
The shadows are transient. The sunshine
must last,
For this is the way with the beautiful past.

"THERE FELL A GREAT STAR FROM HEAVEN"

I saw a falling star
  Shoot downward from the sky,
The heavenly glories far,
  The gleaming radiance die.

A starry path of light!
  A darkened way before!
Down sinking in the night.
  Its time of beauty o'er!

Alas! for falling star,
  Light fading on its track!
No glory from afar
  Can call the wanderer back.

I saw a human soul,
  Made in God's image bright,
That spurned His wise control
  And fell into the night.

It missed the golden gate;
  It did not run its race;
Yet, groping now, too late—
  Its pathway would retrace.

Alas! for human soul;
  Were not a helper given,
The while the ages roll
  To lead thee back to heaven!

FLITTING

Birds come flitting, flitting by,
Swift of wing and sweet of song.
Lights are changing as they fly—
Birds that will not linger long.

What are they but fancies sweet,
Visions flitting in a dream!
Rainbow bubbles dancing fleet
Down life's dark and wayward stream?

Many colors brightly gleam,
Wings of blue across the sky!
Rays of golden light that stream
From the glory throned on high!

Snatches here and glimpses there!
Songs that vanish up the height!
Colors woven in the air,
Fading darkly in the night!

Slow and trembling is our tread.
Shadows lie within the vale.
We have laid away our dead.
We have heard the mourners wail.

Though we walk a darkened way,
May these glimpses of the light
Guide us to the better day
In the land that knows no night!

May we trust our visions sweet,
Symbols proving to the wise
Prophecies of life complete,
And of love that never dies!

A CORDE AD COR

Do you listen to me, dear,
  Calling night and day?
In the silence can you hear
  Thoughts I do not say?

Read the words I cannot speak,
  Have no need of sign,
Be for me a seer to seek
  Marks of love divine?

Nature's voices call the seer,
  With their joy and grief.
With devotion let him hear;
  Other ears are deaf.

Every leaf of Nature's book
  Shineth bright for him.
With devotion let him look;
  Other eyes are dim.

Let him live in Nature's heart.
She hath made him wise,
Shown to him her healing art,
Oped his spirit-eyes.

Are we seers that we should know
What this Wisdom saith?
Love doth teach us as we go
By the gates of death.

Grief hath schooled us, and we read
Eyes beyond our sight,
Hearts that answer to our need,
Love beyond our night.

We shall hear, although the strife
Filleth all the air.
We shall read the inner life,
Know the secrets there.

We shall see, although the land
Raise its weight between.
We shall meet and understand
In the sunset sheen.

Can I miss you in the race,
  Near the goal at last?
Can I lose you in that place
  Where the earth is past?

As face answers unto face,
  When our hearts are whole,
Thus beyond in heavenly space
  Soul responds to soul.

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT

Fleeter, fleeter fly the years,
  Close the mile-stones line the way;
And the path before appears
  On the hills that meet the day.

Fading leaves lie on the track
  Where the roses once were red;
And the shadows gather black
  Where of old the feasts were spread.

Yet, perchance, the good is caught
  Upward by immortal strength,
And the work that man has wrought
  Shall bear golden fruit at length.

Higher, higher, towards the skies,
  Trusting, blessed, let us climb
Where earth's happy mountains rise
  To the heavenly heights sublime.

CHRISTMAS EVE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
C. H. SCHNAUFFER

ONLY hour left free of burden
And an evening sweet of rest—
Once a year I take thy guerdon.
Welcome thou, and be thou blest!

Now a cup of fairest seeming,
Strewn with pearls my heart to bless,
I am drinking. I am dreaming,
And I drink to happiness.

Flames are dancing like an ocean,
Sending fiery billows here,
And with laughing, graceful motion
Drawing many dear ones near.

On the walls the shadows flying,
Chase themselves so quickly by—
Lightly each with other vying—
Fain to hold, I vainly try.

Not from earthly dwellings fleeting
Come these messengers of love;
Come to give me friendly greeting
Gentle spirits from above.

See my friend of promise rarest,
One who in the struggle fell,
Yielding up earth's best and fairest,
With a patience none can tell.

See the faces, pure and holy,
With the myrtle-wreath caressed—
My two sisters, sweet and lowly,
With the spring-flowers on their breast.

Who this day comes to me mildly,
Loving looks me in the eye,
Draws my heart to him so kindly?
For his sake I fain would die.

'Tis my father. O, this vision,
Heart in heart and life in life!
'Tis the star of gates elysian
Leads my soul above the strife.

Let me rest. O, leave me dreaming!
'Tis to me a blessed truth
That in flames I see the seeming
Of the happy days of youth.

A PRAYER

Our Father, for the good and sweet
In the dear year that dies to-night,
For all the blessings we shall greet,
When comes to us the morning's light,
We thank thee. All by thee are given—
The years of earth, the hopes of heaven.

So swiftly fly the rapid years,
With shine and shade, with smiles and tears,
So short is life—so poor are we!
The night draws on. We cannot see.
Dear God, unite the here and there.
Bind earth and heaven with words of prayer.

O, give us life abundantly!
O, give us love eternally!
Give us our own—beyond the sea—
Our loved and lost who live with Thee.
Give us Thyself, Thy grace, Thine aid.
God help us: We are sore afraid.
Give us the word of truth—God saith—
And make us conquerors of Death.

THE OLD YEAR

White falls the moonlight on the snow
That lies so cold and still below.
One dies to-night, and breezes sweet
Will weave for him a winding-sheet.

Who dies? A way-worn, deep-eyed man
Who, since the early months began,
Has walked with us through light and
shade,
A constant friend and undismayed.

For us he lived; for us he wrought,
And gave his treasure free, unsought.
And now he dies; but hear him bless
The child he holds in his caress.

"I leave thee all my wealth to-night,
My harvestings of shade and light,
The golden deeds that upward tend,
The spirit-stairs where men ascend:

"The seasons, with their fruitage fair;
The sky, the sea, the earth, the air,
The loss that meaneth more than gain;
The heritage that comes with pain.

"Each kindly word, each loving smile,
Each heart that worships, free from guile,
All noble deeds that help and bless,
And fill the world with righteousness.

"O, child, before thy feet is cast
The garnered wealth of all the past.
Receive thy gift of grace and power.
To make men better be thy dower!

"Leave lilies on the graveyard sod.
Teach human souls the love of God."
He ceased. His last adieux are said.
The clock strikes twelve. The year is dead.

THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

DECEMBER, 1880

"I HAVE seen my last of the Berkshire Hills,"
And he turned away and wept:
While there murmured afar the mountain-rills,
And the shadows downward crept.

He had wandered far from his childhood's land,
When the hopes of youth were high.
He had come but to meet a broken band,
And in childhood's home to die.

"I have seen my last of the Berkshire Hills,"
Was his heart's low, sad refrain.
"I have listened long to the mountain-rills
That I shall not hear again.

"I have seen the mountains, towering grand,
That were stately in their pride,
When the beauteous Springtime decked the land
As a lover decks his bride.

"I have seen them wrapped in the wildest flame,
As Sinai's mount, so dread,
Till the fires to the summit gleaming came,
And the pines I loved were dead.

"I have seen them when shadows gathered near,
And swept down the mountain-side,
When the thunder filled all my soul with fear,
And the rain with the whirlwind vied.

"I have seen them again, when the storm was past,
As the summer moved along,
And the fleecy clouds their shadows cast,
While the woods were filled with song.

"I have seen them crowned with the red and gold,
In the people's harvest-hour,
While the wealth of the summer-suns untold,
Was theirs in a glorious dower.

"I have seen them in Winter's frosty light,
As they smiled to meet the sun,
With the snow on their brow as cold and white
As the moon when day is done.

"I have listened at night, when shadows dim
Have softened their rugged brow,
And have heard as a grand Cathedral Hymn
The music I long for now.

"Unresting, I looked to the restful height
Till it brought me peace at length.
From the graves where the shadows fell at night,
I looked to the hills for strength.

"The Berkshire Hills, in their beauty and
power,
With a loving heart I greet,
And am blessed anew in my dying hour
By their benediction sweet."

MY YEAR

I HOLD the year within my hands,
And helpless watch its drifting sands—
Its sober sands of neutral tint
That glowed erewhile with diamond glint;
Adown Time's rapid river rolled,
While yet remained the age of gold.

Old year, thou wert as bright, with plan
To aid the cause of God and man.
Within the dust thy roses lie.
Within my heart thy dreamings die.
The light grows dim on many a shrine
Where once I thought the fires divine.

What may it mean—this year of mine?
What soul of it remains divine?
May hand of Sybil wise uplift
The scattered leaves of life that drift?
Vain questions, outward bound, I fling,
And wait to hear the prophet sing.

BETWEEN TWO YEARS

The old year passes far to-night,
A shadow midst the fields of white.
The dear, old year, with drooping head,
Beyond the western hills is sped.

The bells of midnight slowly toll—
May God have mercy on his soul!
Within his arms he bears away
Our fairest idols, turned to clay.

Yet have we kept bright blessings given,
He left us on his way to heaven.
We thank him for the gifts he brought;
We love him for the good he wrought.

And for the rest; the fair and dead,
For whom the midnight tears are shed,
He but obeyed a high behest;
He gave and took, as God saw best

New Year, we greet thee, coming fleet
Athwart the East with flying feet.
Whate'er thou give! Whate'er thou take!
We trust thee good for Christ's dear sake.

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